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Vol. 25 No. 3

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The Muckleburgh Collection houses one of Britain's largest displays of military might. Based in Norfolk it's home for a myriad of restored tanks, armoured cars, and a variety of guns

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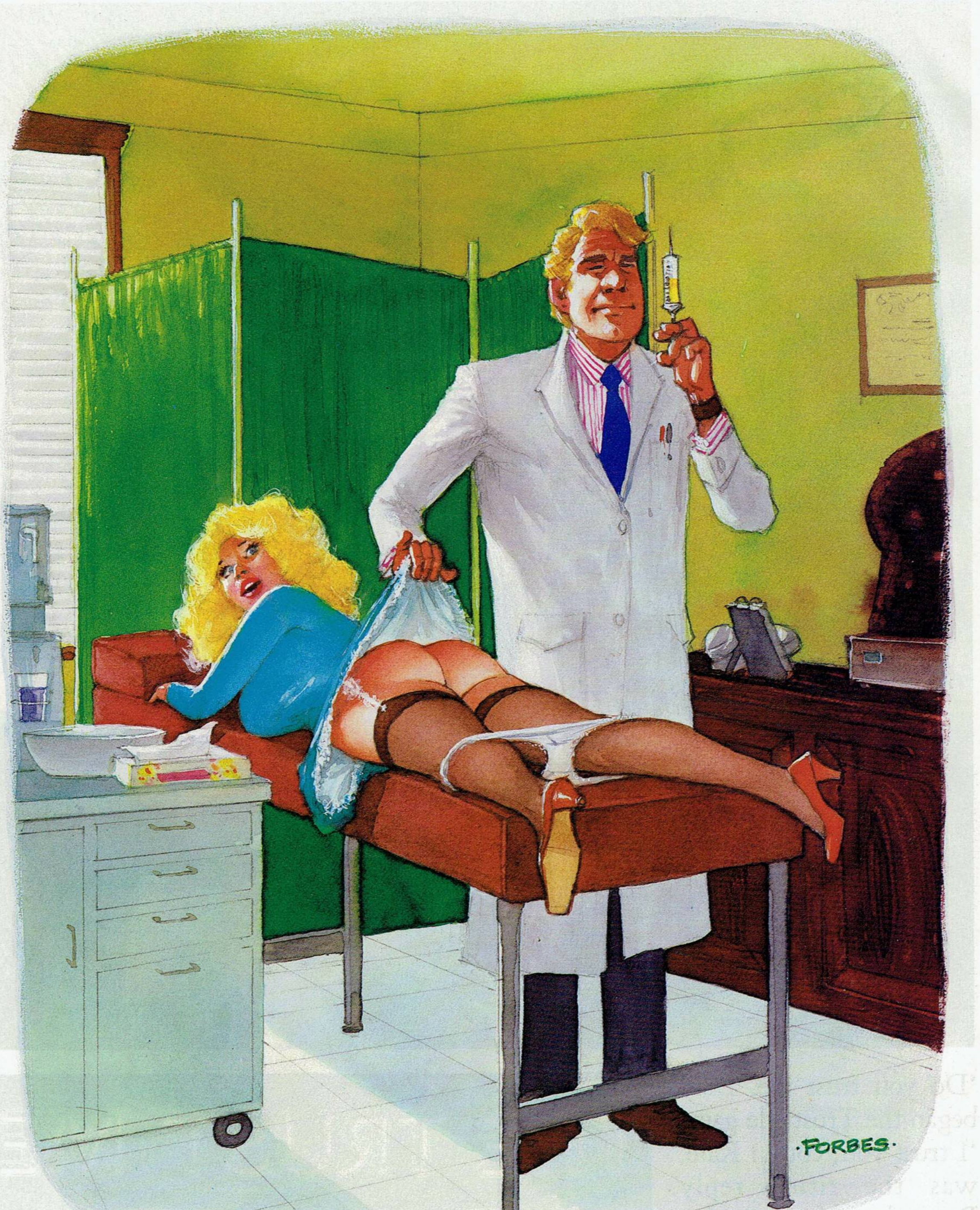
Created by the man who helped design the Jaguar-based racing cars, the Adams Roadster is a two-seater with a touch of class

CENTRE GIRL

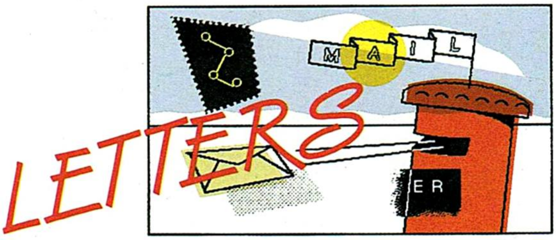
51

Her pictures arrived in the office unheralded, but the style and class of our centre girl, 34DD-24-36 Nina Downe shone out a mile. We think you'll agree she's a lady set to go places with her face and figure

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Sarah James** / Editorial Assistant **Fiona Whitty** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St, WC1N/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC1N.



'Dr Hunter always gave it in my arm . . .'



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

Unfair reasoning

If your readers have read the popular press recently, you'll know why I'm writing to you. Yes, you have guessed it some politicians are out to get you again. The *Daily Express* recently ran a headline: 'Tide of filth flooding Britain.' This encompasses everything from Page 3 to *Penthouse*, *Knave* and good old *Mayfair*. I don't know where the idea sprang from, but Conservative MP Michael Alison has now got a Commons motion signed by 210 MPs stating that pornography is dangerous and makes men violent. To my certain knowledge there have been many investigations on this subject in the USA and the UK, and they have all found the material harmless, except in people who already have violent leanings. But Alison has picked up the statement by a convicted and executed murderer that pornography made him kill girls. This remark was made by a man called Bundy. What Alison cleverly overlooks is the comments made by Bundy's guards, prison warders, his inmates, his doctor, lawyer and psychologist — who all stated that Bundy would say anything to escape the death penalty. So would we all.

The subject is large, and requires a great deal of time to reply to the questions. However, Alison and his followers do not want an inquiry — a full airing of the facts. They want to prove the harmful effects of pornographic magazines — what an indictment. An MP using the statement of a convicted, executed murderer as the basis for his motion — possibly new law.

Genuine rape is a terrible crime but it is well understood. The causes have nothing to do with erotica or pornography, but a great deal to do with domination, humiliation and degradation. I always thought that magazines like *Mayfair* were intended to celebrate girls, and put them on a pedestal — and why not? Surely there is nothing wrong in glorying in beauty, fun and humour?

MGCP, Leighton Buzzard

Thanks for expressing your opinion. Your letter is representative of a whole host we have received from readers.

That sinking feeling

I've always loved the sea, and often thought of myself as a bit of an intrepid mariner, so when I saw your double page picture at the beginning of your submarine feature in Vol 25 No 2, I instantly put pen to paper.

Like the guys standing on top of the *Resurgam* before its disastrous maiden dive, I too looked really proud when I was pictured posing on a small boat I'd just bought. All my family and friends had gathered round the quayside to watch me sail into the blue yonder, but I never got out the harbour. I hit a sandbank, and my poor boat capsized and sank — luckily not with me in it.

What a fool I felt after all that posing around in my flashy lifejacket beforehand.

Now I know what that sinking feeling feels like. And guess what my boat was called? Watership Down.

JD, Devon

Lovely legs

As a regular reader, I know that you serve up a high standard of girls each month. However, in Vol 25 No 1 you have surpassed yourselves with a girl of the month — Jenny Barnes. John Allum is to be congratulated on his excellent work which captures her beauty superbly. If there is a criticism, then it has to be that there are too few shots of Jenny's lovely legs, full length. Page 55 is my only consolation. Being one who is captivated with the sight of beautiful legs clad in stockings and high-heeled shoes, this page was exquisite. I therefore beg you to get her to do another set for you, perhaps in black basque and stockings, and the same black stiletto shoes. And this time provide us with far more views of her excellent legs. Also, she fills a bra-cup like nothing I've ever seen before in your pages, so to see her in black would be even more sensational.

DW, London

Thrill of going topless

Your series of cartoons, *Vintage Stuff* in Vol 25 No 2 about young men, old cars and willing girlfriends brought back many happy memories. In my youth, sadly some 30-odd years ago, there was nothing that would entice a girl more than the promise of a run in an open-top sports car. Consequently, anyone who wanted to stand any sort of chance with the birds just had to have a rag-top. Mine was an old MG, very old, and totally unreliable, but that wasn't such a bad thing. Many of my friends resorted to the old trick of 'Oh dear the car seems to have broken down!' as an excuse to stop in a quiet spot. In my case, it was more than likely to be true.

Oh yes, those carefree days of wind in the hair and the sun beating down on you and your girl as you drove through the pleasant country air . . . Of course what we nostalgia sufferers have conveniently forgotten are the more dubious joys of trying to put a fiddly hood up in a sudden but torrential shower, or the permanent draught that never failed to find your neck from the roof's missing stud. Or the simple fact that for every warm summer's day in the fresh rural air, you spent several weeks behind a lorry in Barnet High Street that was burning too much oil.

Yes, I do enjoy looking back on the many hours I spent behind the wheel of my old MG with one of a selection of ladies at my left elbow, but unlike your cartoonist, I am a realist. Now I drive a Sierra. It's totally unromantic and practical.

JS, Hastings

Lucienne rediscovered

On page 137 of Vol 21 No 12 you posed the question: 'Lucienne — where are you now?' Would I be right in thinking that a recent episode of *The Bill* entilted 'A Day Lost' provided the answer?

I always try to do the end credits justice (after all, Equity and various agents have worked hard to make sure everyone gets a mention), and I happened to notice: Tenant. . . . . .Lucienne Camille. Having taped the episode, I was able to go back and check, but since she was only on screen for about twenty seconds, and had a mere two dozen words of dialogue, never mind the fact that she would look older and be more fully clothed than when last seen, it was impossible for me to tell.

I would certainly be interested if you can find out whether this was indeed the same Lucienne Camille (alias Sylvia Bayo as far back as Vol 5 No 1), who must be the most

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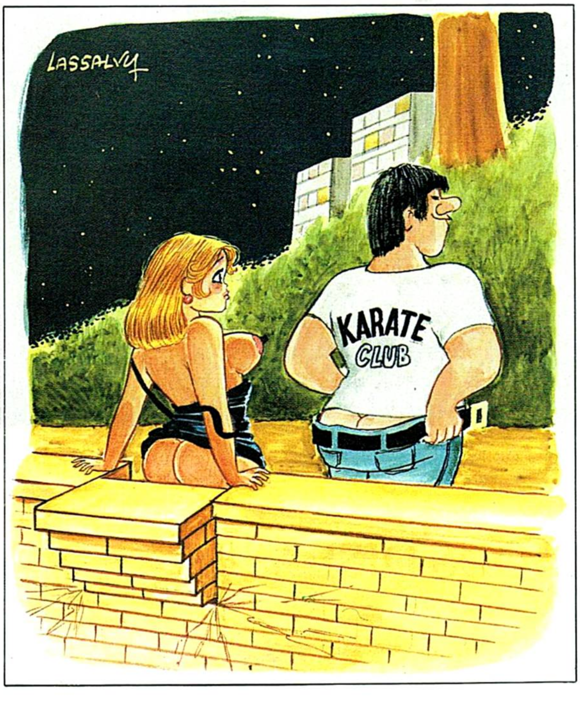

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LETTERS

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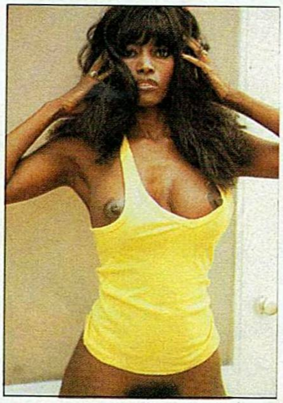
popular black girl you have ever featured. If so, could you perhaps persuade her to be one of your 'old girls' to feature again after such a long time?

Whilst on the subject of *The Bill* I suppose there is no chance whatsoever of persuading either Kelly Lawrence (WPC Brind) or Seeta Indrani (WPC Datta) to pose for your photographers is there? I single them out as the only really attractive regulars, though I have a friend who would be even more interested in Nula Conwell (WPC Martella). Still, no matter how good your reputation as the leading men's magazine in the country it must be very difficult convincing actresses who wish to be taken seriously that a tasteful set of pictures would actually do their careers more good than harm.

AB, Teignmouth



Lucienne Camille as she appeared in Vol 21 No 12

Turkish delight

I thought your readers might like to hear about a bizarre but sensuous experience that happened to my wife whilst we were holidaying in Turkey last year. It was our first visit there, and we were both agreeably surprised. In particular I was pleased to see that the girls all went topless on the beaches just like the rest of Europe. One of my pleasures on holiday is not only seeing all the mammaries on display, but also watching Karen display her 36DD's. As a result she usually gets more than her fair share of attention from other men on the beach.

One day we made a trip into town, and among the places we found was one of the old-style Turkish baths. We decided to give it a try. At the door we were met by a muscular young Turk, who took our money and ushered us into a changing cubicle. We got undressed, and wrapped ourselves in the towels provided. We were shown into a large Turkish bath room with a marble massage table at one end, and several empty rows of seating.

After a little while, several other couples joined us, all young like ourselves. Later the attendant came back in, and motioned for me to get onto the table. I was treated to an invigorating massage which was most enjoyable. However I was a little embarrassed when I had to turn over — he did not cover me with the towel again, and I was in full view of the others in the room. I am fairly well endowed, and was aware of the glances of the girls directed at my crotch.

When it came to Karen's turn, I presumed she would get a female masseuse, but no — it was the same muscular young Turk. When she was on her stomach he whipped away the towel, and gave her a full massage on the back. I could see her hesitating when it became time to turn over, but eventually she did, and I was aware of every eye in the room fixed on my wife's nude body. I wanted to run up and cover her, but was rooted to the spot. Slowly he continued his massage, starting with her arms, and gradually moving onto her breasts. He seemed to spend ages kneading and soothing her boobs, paying particular attention to her nipple areas, and I could see they were hard. Despite myself, I had got an erection that was also rock hard.

Gradually he moved down her belly, finally skipping the pubic area, and moving to her feet, before advancing up her thighs. As he neared the tops of her legs, he positioned one of her feet under his arm, so that he could do both sides of her leg, thus opening her thighs. Karen has always shaved her vulva, leaving just a trimmed bush on top, and I realised that from his angle he must be able to see every inch of her. For what seemed forever he rubbed the tops of her thighs, gently grazing her groin, before switching his attention back to her belly, and eventually

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LETTERS

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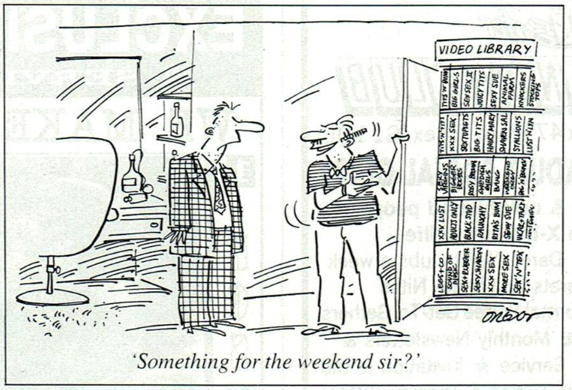
kneading her pubic mound. As he finished the massage the tension in the room was unbearable, and I could feel everyone holding their breath. Finally his fingers trailed down between her legs, and by an almost imperceptible tremor I could tell Karen had come.

Bravely she made her way back to me without the benefit of a covering towel, and at this point several of the other couples left — presumably before it could be their turn.

That afternoon we went straight back to our hotel, and made love like never before. Karen told me how it felt being subjected to the hands and eyes of a handsome stranger, while several other couples looked on.

There is no doubt where we shall be going on holiday next year!

DJ, Northampton



'Something for the weekend sir?'

Nasal sex

As a 27-year-old female reader of your magazine, I am writing to say that both my boyfriend and I were pleased to read the letter from Mrs LD in Vol 24 No 12, describing her appreciation of the nude female body as an object of great beauty. Like Mrs LD, I am an enthusiastic *Mayfair* reader, and very much enjoy looking at pictures of beautiful women. Unlike Mrs LD, however, I am bisexual, and before meeting my present boyfriend, had several sexual relationships with other girls, particularly during my student days.

Since beginning my present relationship, I have been faithful to my boyfriend, whom I love dearly, but this has never stopped me feeling attracted to women as well as men. My boyfriend is fully aware of my feelings. We both enjoy looking through the photosets in *Mayfair*, and discussing what turns us on most about the various girls.

One curious thing I have experienced, which may interest your readers, is that when I am sexually aroused, I often find myself sneezing. Sometimes I only sneeze once or twice; on other occasions I can have a sneezing fit, which involves me sneezing up to ten times in succession.

This has happened ever since I first started masturbating in my early teens. It can also happen while I am petting, reading or watching an erotic book or film, or simply looking at an attractive man or woman I may pass in the street.

I am not worried by this phenomenon — in fact, I find I quite enjoy it, and my boyfriend is greatly amused by the whole thing.

I have no idea why I should react to sexual stimulation in this way (I have, in fact, sneezed several times while writing this letter!)

I would be interested to know if any other lady readers have similar experiences.

I wonder if heredity could be a factor, as my sister, who is three years younger than me, tells me that she also has sexually-triggered sneezing fits.

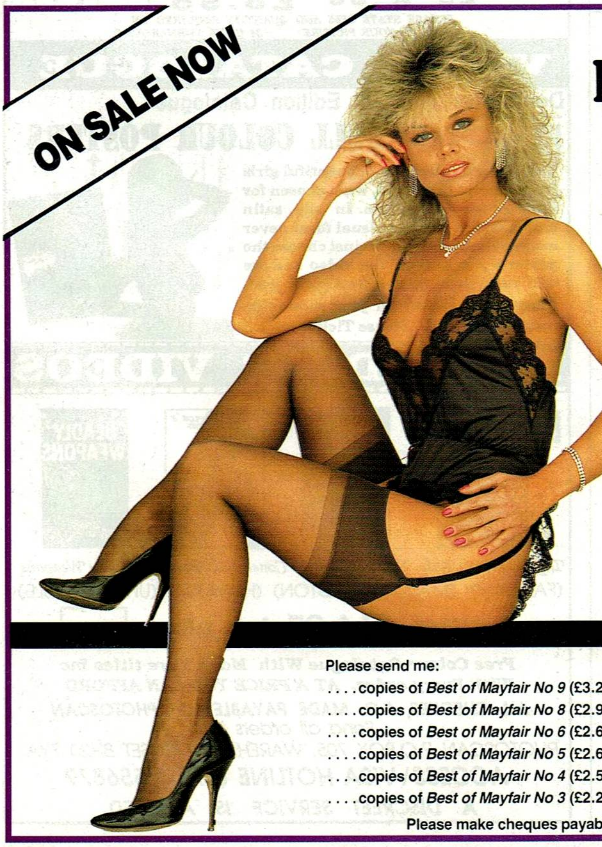
AJ, Tunbridge Wells

Bottoms are tops

Thank you, *Mayfair*, for once again featuring Rachel Garley, my favourite Page Three girl of recent years. The latest set, in Vol 25 No 1, far outstrips her two previous appearances, which were both pretty fantastic, anyway.

What makes Rachel's pictures so memorable are the fantastic poses which show her gorgeous rear hoisted high in the air. In her most recent set the addition of a leather mini-skirt, and dark stockings made her bottom the tops! Brilliant!

SW, Taunton



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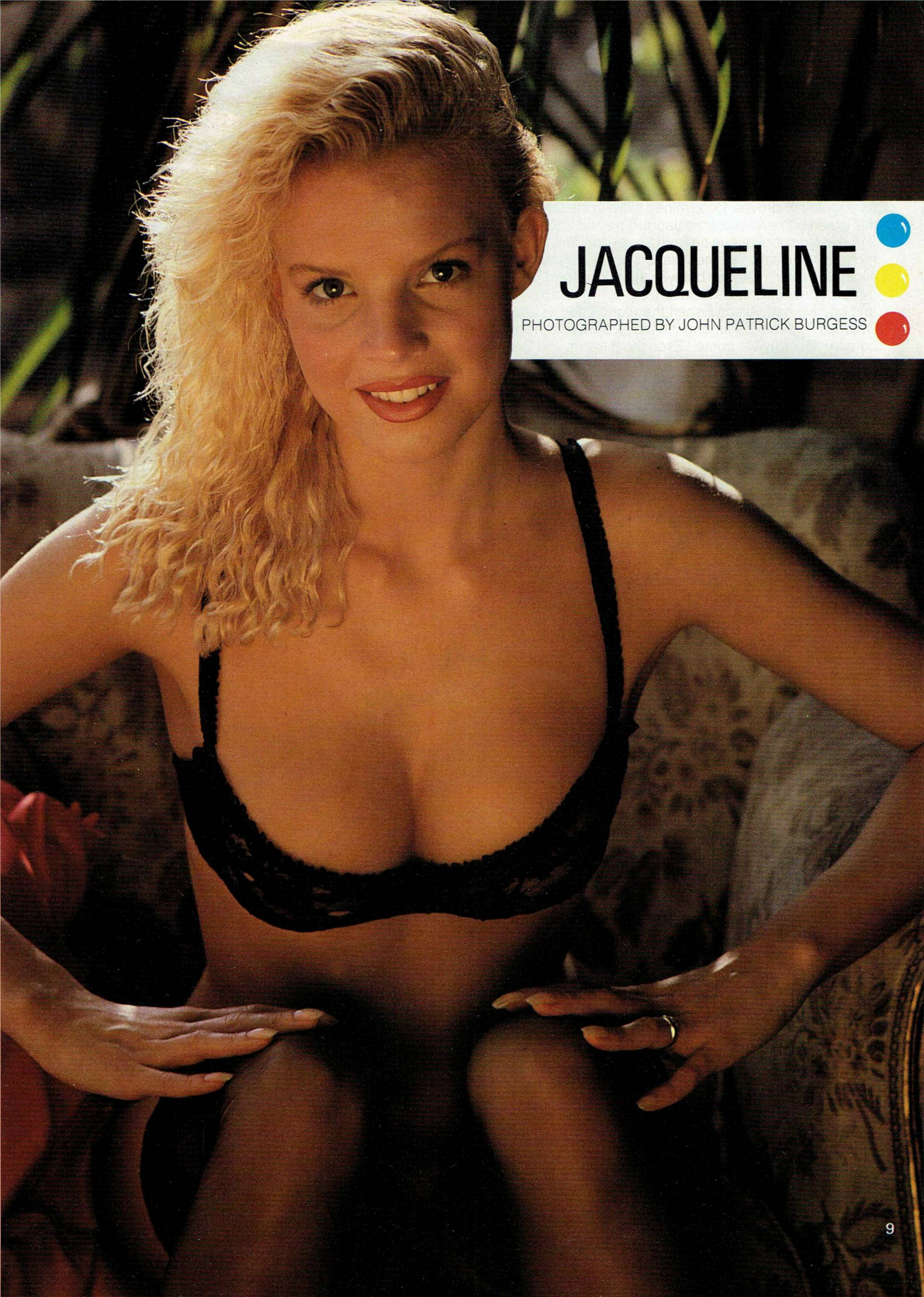
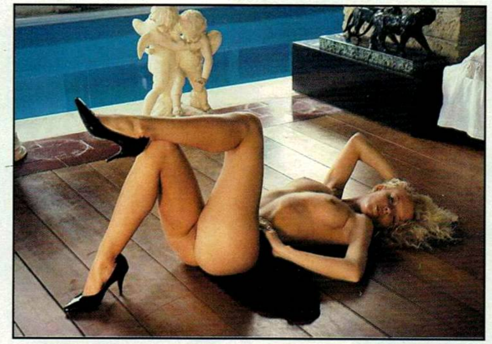
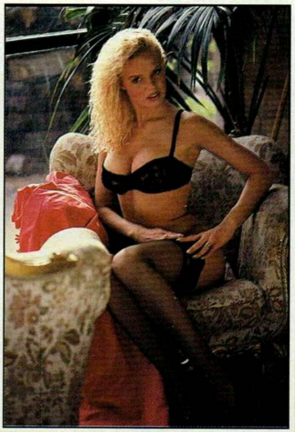


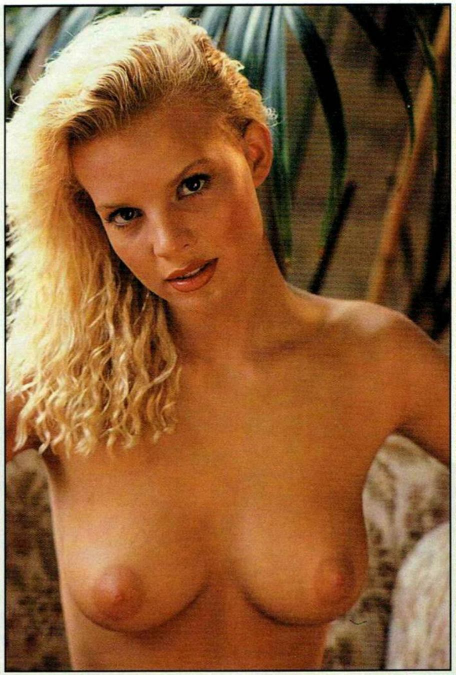
JACQUELINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

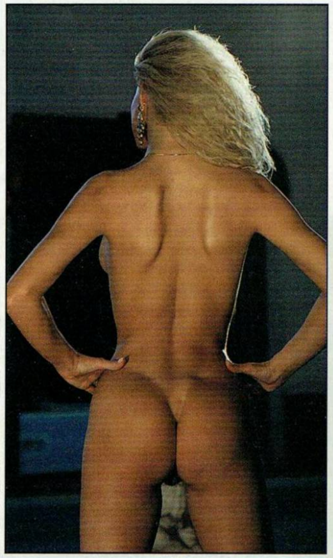
Another great male bastion looks set to fall, as women take up snooker in droves. Determined to be in the forefront of this green baize revolution is Jacqueline Hammond, a 21-year-old snooker cue-tie from South London. 'At the moment,' she says, 'women players are still pretty much second division material, but we're coming along. We have our own professional association, our own championships, and one woman, Alison Fisher, the World Lady's Champion, is ranked among the top 120 players in the country. Our day will come.' Even the Billiards and Snooker Control Council has to concede Jacqueline's point, admitting it won't be long before the ladies catch up.



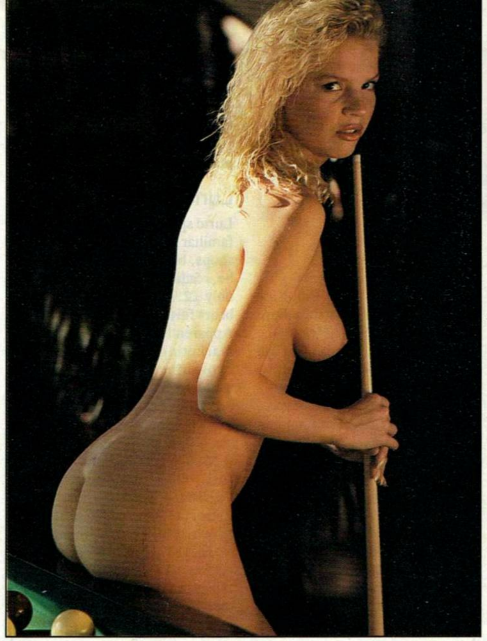


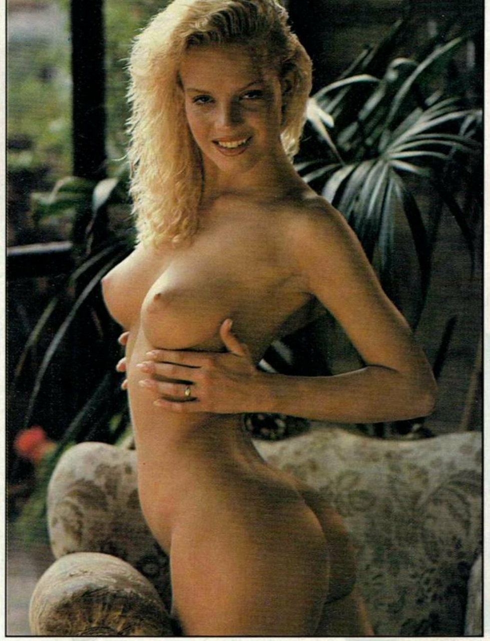


So how does 36-24-34 Jacqueline feel about going up against snooker luminaries such as Alex "Hurricane" Higgins and Jimmy "Whirlwind" White? 'Obviously, I'm not ready for it yet, but if I can get the practice in, and gain the big match experience I need, then I'd be quite happy to have a go.' What would she choose as her own nickname? 'I think things like "Hurricane" are a bit too macho for me, I would prefer something like "Breeze" or even "Zephyr"', she says with a laugh. Away from the smoke-filled lure of the snooker room, Jacqueline works behind the counter of a DIY shop. 'I'm always getting wound up by people saying things like "I've just popped in for a screw,"' she blushes.



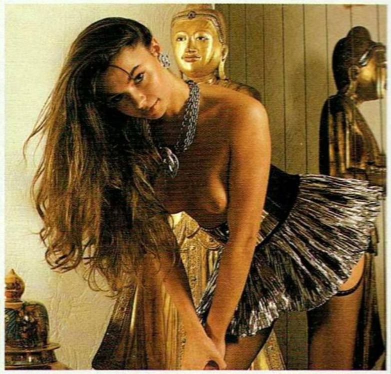
'I spend so much time in the company of men, both at work and down at the snooker club, that they sometimes seem to forget I'm a woman. They come out with the coarsest remarks, fortunately, half the time, I don't understand what they mean,' confesses Jacqueline. Surely she must be hardened to it after all this time? 'I suppose I'm something of an innocent with regards to that kind of thing.' So how does she like to be treated by men? 'Like a lady,' she says instantly, 'I suppose that is what first attracted me to snooker. Despite a lot of the adverse publicity it has occasionally received, snooker is still a very civilised pastime. It is, first and foremost, the sport of true gentlemen,' And what gentleman could resist a quick game on the cushions with the lovely Jacqueline?



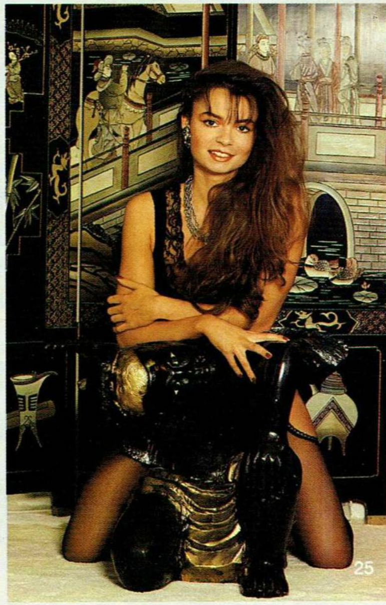


ANNABEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER



'I enjoy modelling.' says 24-year-old Annabel Stewart, with a defiant toss of her head. 'And I like bizarre clothes, specially stagey, glittery, slightly over-the-top things. But then, I'm stage struck. I've never had hang-ups about showing off my body. It's always been my decision — something I've wanted to do. For this reason I think moves to ban such magazines as *Mayfair* are totally wrong. Why should my rights as a woman be denied by people such as Clare Short. Sorry to go on a bit, but the whole issue has really got to me I'm afraid.'



Back to lighter matters, Canterbury-born Annabel hopes to finish drama school this year before trying to make her way on the stage. 'I love classical roles the best, although I enjoy playing in pantomine. My favourite part is Dick Whittington. I'm told I have the right bottom for tights. A local critic once wrote "Lucky cat, following that all the way to London."' Annabel gives a playful push-out of her 34-22-34-inch figure. 'Oddly enough, others have said I ought to play the cat. I've got a sort of feline face.' Away from work, Annabel can be found with her head in a book, especially if its *Mills and Boon*. 'I'm a romantic at heart, but also a lady who knows what she wants.'

REBECCA

Raise your stirrup cups, gentlemen, to Rebecca Chatsworth, the toast of the horse and hound fraternity. 'Well, not quite,' admits Rebecca, 'but I can ride a bit. I've just always fancied dressing up in the full gear.' Twenty-year-old Rebecca is being modest. As a child she was the star of her pony club, and thought of going professional.

What stopped her? 'Professional equestrianism means a lot of travelling, and I'm more the stay-at-home type. I wanted a career where I could come home to a warm fire and a cuddle.' From her live-in lover? 'Yes, but that's as much a fantasy as the hunting. In the same way that I could never actually hunt and catch a fox, I couldn't trap a man and keep him at home, but the fun comes from the chase!' Which is why many pubs in south Warwickshire have witnessed Rebecca on the trail.

'Henley-in-Arden is the liveliest place near me,' she says, 'there are always young farmers hanging around there. And you can forget the ''old yokel'' image. They are the yuppies of the countryside.' What sort of man is she trying to track down? 'Somebody tall, refined, who's prepared to put up with an outrageous girl like me.' Outrageous? 'I have been known to have the odd one too many, and do a parody striptease on the table.' Would she ever consider giving up her 'boring' job in an estate agents, and modelling her 36-24-36 frame for a living? 'Oooh yes, if you'd let me. I do enjoy flirting . . .' We'd never guess.

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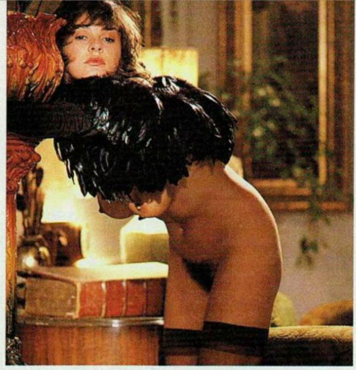
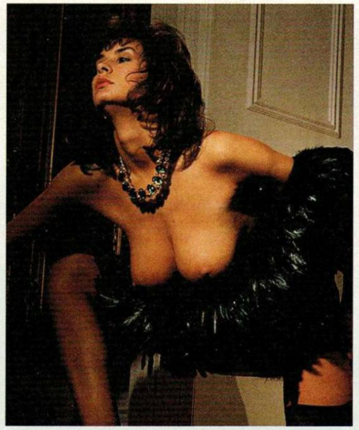
NINA DOWNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY STUART

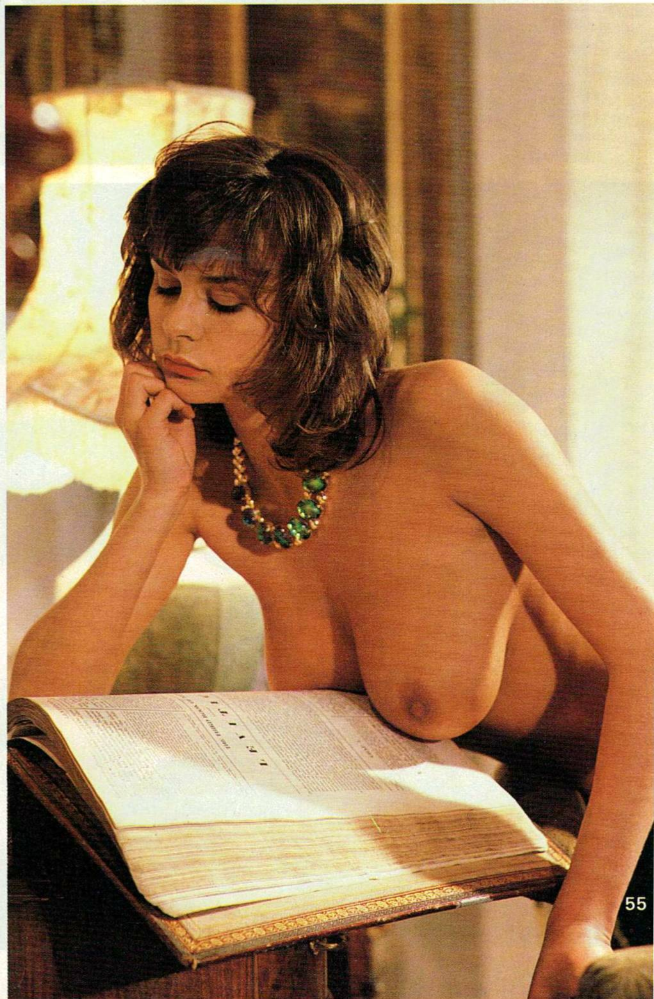




Some photo sets arrive in the *Mayfair* office after being hyped to the heavens. They usually disappoint. Some arrive unheralded, and prove dynamite. Such was the case, needless to say, with these shots of 19-year old Nina Downe. Her class and poise is remarkable for an unknown model, and her 34DD-24-36 figure makes her one to watch.

From the little we hear, Nina loves travelling, and her bronzed good looks testify to her success in that direction. This is not a girl who has sat shivering in a windowless office for the winter. That's about all we know. But it just goes to show that you don't have to have some gimmicks like being from a family of famous Liverpudlian spoondancers, to be our centregirl — just a marvellously sexy body like Nina's.

What is known about the enigmatic Nina Downe? Not a lot. While some magazines wouldn't hesitate to tell you she was the 1987 Miss Nude Finland, or some such tale, we at *Mayfair* try to get through to the background and personality of our girls. We know she's English, probably a Londoner, according to the photographer, and that the phone number we were given to contact her on turned out to be a 'Pie and Mash' shop in East London. Beyond that we can but speculate. Nina's figure has obviously been worked at — she's clearly no stranger to gymnasiums and aerobics.



MAYFAIR
Girl of the month

NINA DOWNE

Dennis Adams, the man who helped design Jaguar-based racing cars, now produces his brilliant brainchild — the Adams Roadster, a 130 mph modern motoring classic

All about Adams

Photographed by Andrew Morland

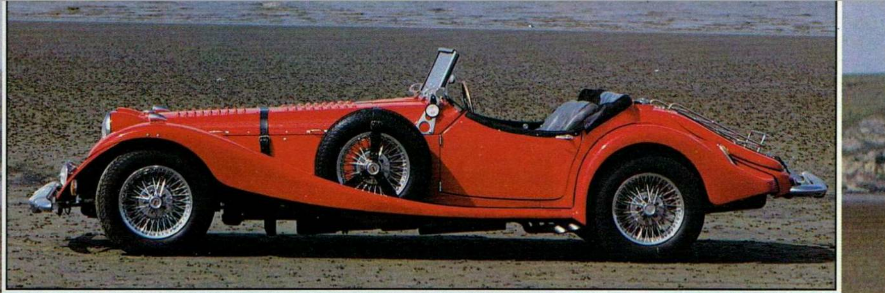
It's a memorable event in the motoring world when one of the industry's foremost designers comes back to his roots. But that's exactly what has happened with top stylist Dennis Adams.

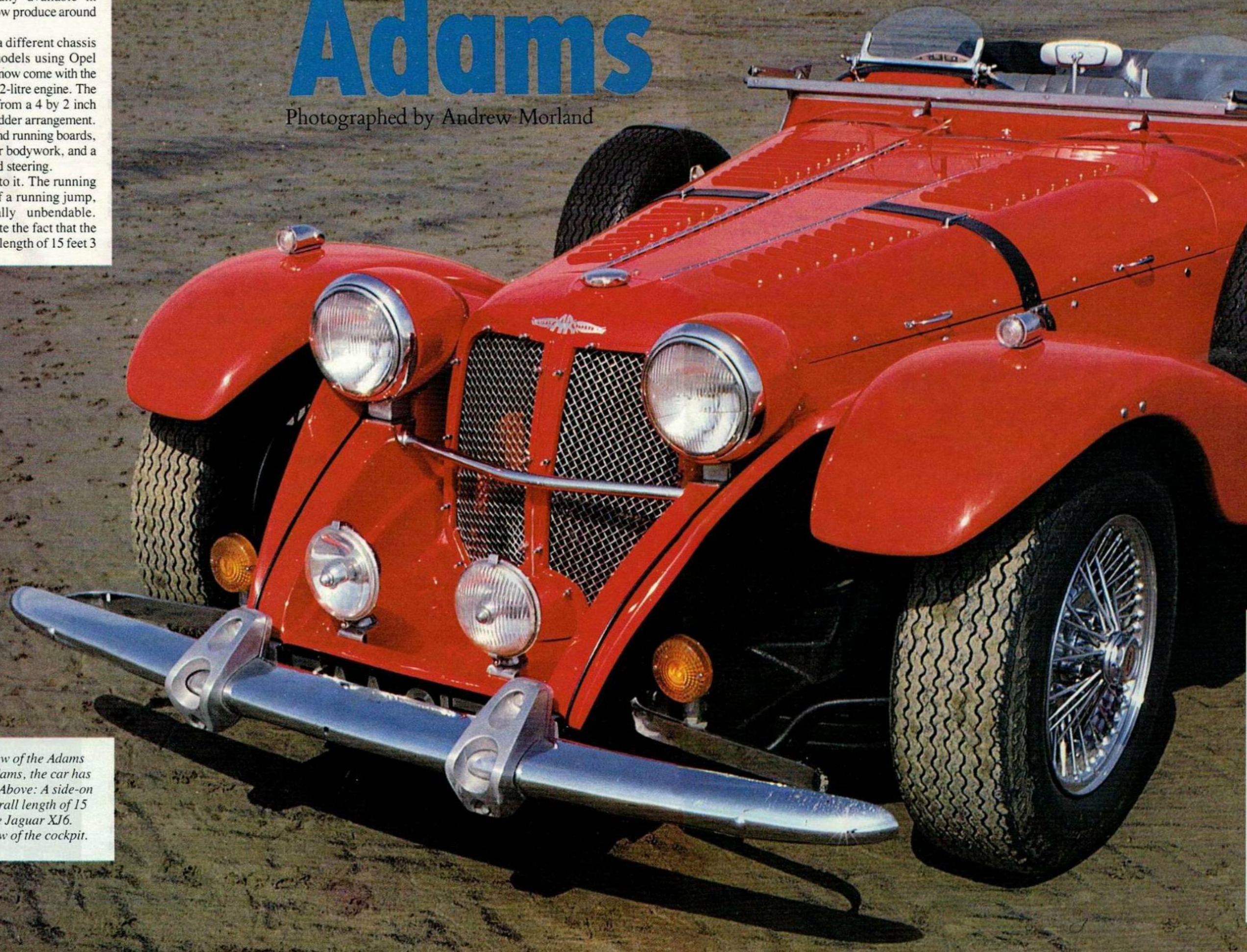
After 25 years designing Jaguar-based racing cars, modern sports coupés and some of the most futuristic vehicles ever to scorch the tarmac, Adams has now perfected a modern motoring 'classic' — the 130 mph, 4.2 litre Adams Roadster. Designed, and produced by his own company, Adams' powerful two-seater was intended to be a 'wild stallion', combining modern day speed, efficiency and ostentation with the style and rough edge of traditional sports car motoring. He has succeeded brilliantly.

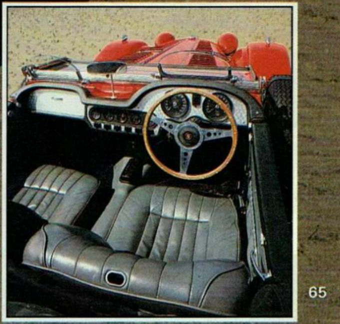
The first prototype appeared in 1987, with the model becoming commercially available in 1988. Adam Roadsters Ltd. now produce around twelve models a year.

Initially they were built with a different chassis and drive train to produce models using Opel Monza power. However, they now come with the powerful Jaguar six-cylinder 4.2-litre engine. The chassis is mainly constructed from a 4 by 2 inch rectangular section in a steel ladder arrangement. It has outriggers for the body and running boards, an extension to support the rear bodywork, and a scuttle frame for the pedals and steering.

The Roadster has a solid feel to it. The running boards can take the weight of a running jump, and the wings are virtually unbendable. It's also quite sizeable. Despite the fact that the car is a two-seater, its overall length of 15 feet 3







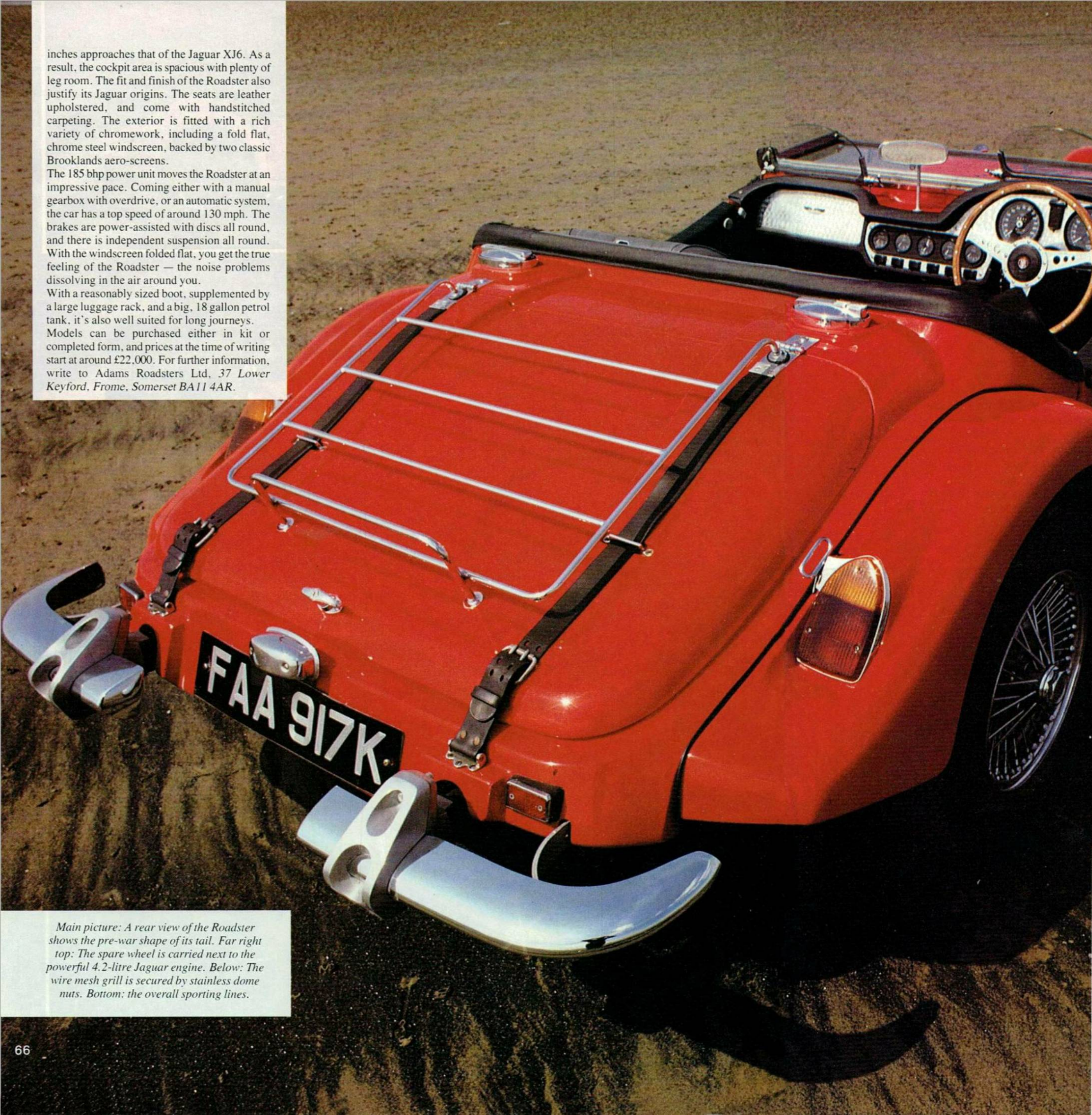
Main picture: A front-on view of the Adams Roadster. Built by Dennis Adams, the car has classic sporting bodystyling. Above: A side-on view of the Roadster. Its overall length of 15 feet approaches that of the Jaguar XJ6. Bottom right: An interior view of the cockpit.

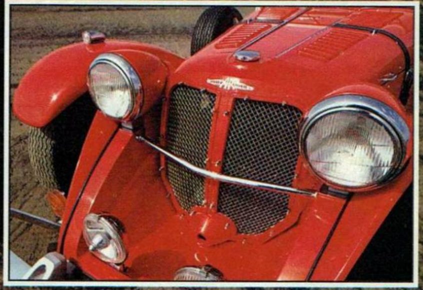
inches approaches that of the Jaguar XJ6. As a result, the cockpit area is spacious with plenty of leg room. The fit and finish of the Roadster also justify its Jaguar origins. The seats are leather upholstered, and come with handstitched carpeting. The exterior is fitted with a rich variety of chromework, including a fold flat, chrome steel windscreen, backed by two classic Brooklands aero-screens.

The 185 bhp power unit moves the Roadster at an impressive pace. Coming either with a manual gearbox with overdrive, or an automatic system, the car has a top speed of around 130 mph. The brakes are power-assisted with discs all round, and there is independent suspension all round. With the windscreen folded flat, you get the true feeling of the Roadster — the noise problems dissolving in the air around you.

With a reasonably sized boot, supplemented by a large luggage rack, and a big, 18 gallon petrol tank, it's also well suited for long journeys.

Models can be purchased either in kit or completed form, and prices at the time of writing start at around £22,000. For further information, write to Adams Roadsters Ltd, *37 Lower Keyford, Frome, Somerset BA11 4AR.*





Main picture: A rear view of the Roadster shows the pre-war shape of its tail. Far right top: The spare wheel is carried next to the powerful 4.2-litre Jaguar engine. Below: The wire mesh grill is secured by stainless dome nuts. Bottom: the overall sporting lines.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A market researcher approached an attractive blonde in the street.
'Excuse me, I'm doing a survey on our latest condom, would you be prepared to give us your views,' he asked.
The young girl smiled mischievously.
'It depends what's in it for me.'

A photographer had to shoot the official pictures of a meeting of all the local solicitors. He lined them up in a pose, and told them to smile, but they remained decidedly sullen. He asked again but still to no avail. Then suddenly inspiration struck him.
'Okay, gentlemen,' he said cheerily. 'Say "fees!"'

What's the difference between muff diving and driving in the fog?
With muff diving you can see the cunt in front of you.

A strange young lad called Fox,
Saved his pubic hair in a box.
Then one day he tripped
And over it tipped.
Now he can't get it out of his socks.

The Chief Superintendent's nephew applied to become a policeman, and to make it easy for him to follow in his uncle's footsteps, it was arranged that he would have only one simple general knowledge question to answer at his interview.
'Come in, sit down,' said the examining officer politely. 'Now tell me, who killed Anne Boleyn?'
'Mmm, I'll have to think about that,' said the young man.
'Alright, tell me the answer tomorrow.' That night as the young man returned home his mother asked him how he had got on.
'Did you get the job, dear?' she asked.
'Not only that,' replied the cocky nephew, 'they've already put me on a case.'

What's better than honour?
In 'er.

Mr and Mrs Green were lying in bed for the first time on their wedding night when Mr Green turned nervously to his wife.
'I hear a hand-job is a good way to start.'
'How do I do that?' asked his new bride.
'You'd better ring your mother and ask,' suggested Mr Green.
So his wife phoned.
'There's nothing to it,' explained her mum. 'Hold his . . . er . . . thing gently but firmly, then shake it like a sauce bottle.'
'Okay,' she replied enthusiastically, and with that she dived under the sheets. She grabbed her husband's member and began shaking it hard.
'Damn! Nothing's coming out,' she moaned. So she slapped the top hard with the palm of her hand.

What do you call a Skoda full of vegetables?
A Lada.

The chief of a tribe of cannibals captured a group of journalists on holiday in Africa. He immediately put them in the pot.
'Now tell me,' the cannibal asked as the water grew hotter and hotter, 'what do you do for a living?'
'I'm the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*,' replied the captive proudly.
'Congratulations,' said the native. 'Very soon you'll be editor in chief.'

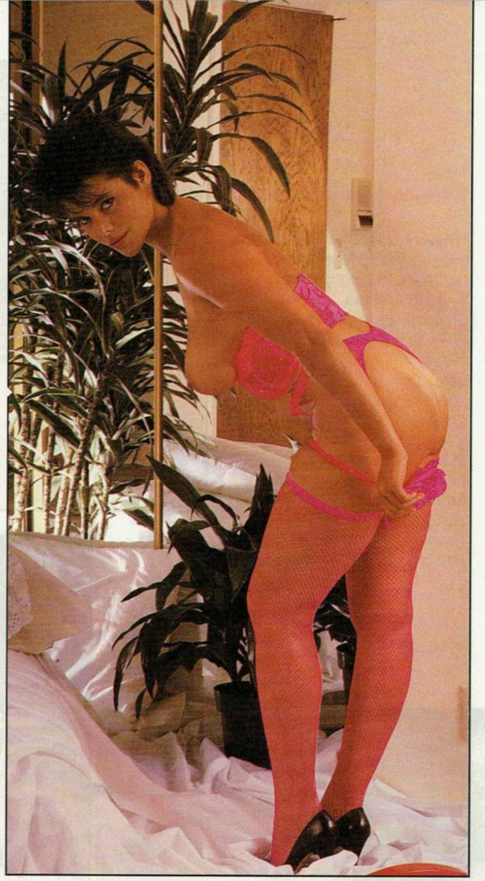
A test for randy economists:
Give an example of double figure inflation.
Answer: A man getting a 10 inch hard-on.

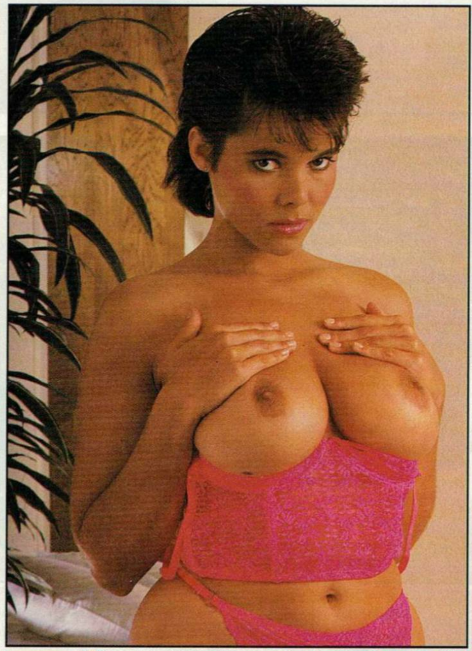
A fifteen stone, muscle-bound building site worker was sitting in the pub drinking with his wife when they were approached by a small bald man with glasses.
'Er hello, my name's Neville,' said the weedy man to the woman. 'I'd like to take you to my place, hang you by the feet from my light fitting, and fill your fanny with Carlsberg Special, and drink it.'
The wife screamed and turned to her huge husband.
'Hey, are you going to let a little wimp like him say things like that to me?'
'I sure am,' he replied. 'I wouldn't mess with anyone who can drink ten pints of Special Brew.'

Why is marriage like taking a bath?
It's not so hot once you get used to it.

Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

Unlike Siobhan, the Irish glamour scene isn't terribly well-developed, so it was on one of her visits to the UK that we captured her Celtic curves for posterity. 'I must admit, from what I've seen of England, I'd still prefer to live in Eire. The pace of life really is more relaxed, and there is so much more space. Despite the Lake District and Snowdonia, there is still nothing to compare with the scenery of Galway. It has a unique splendour,' says Siobhan, 'You never really appreciate it until you've been away.' One thing is for sure — even Siobhan's budding modelling career won't tempt her away.

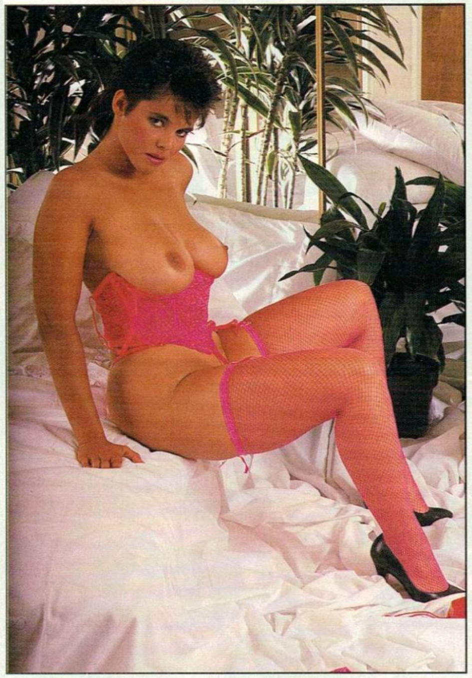


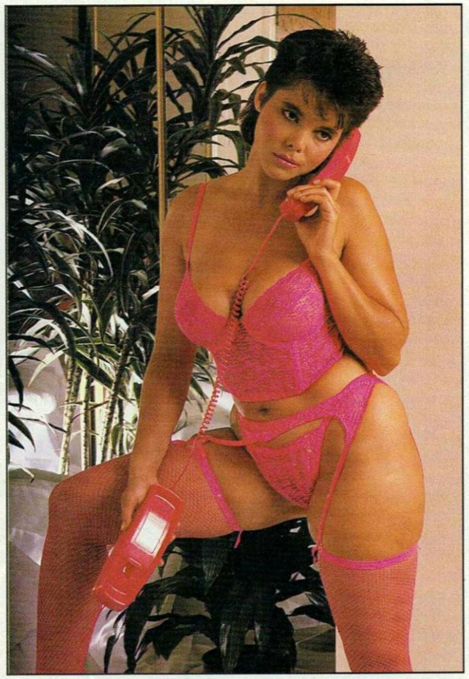


SIOBHAN

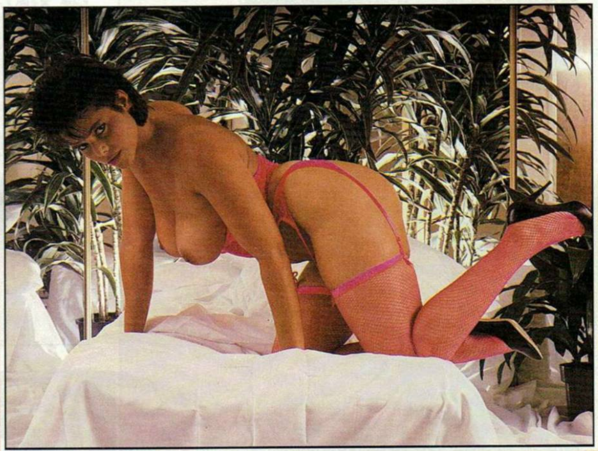
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DOUG ORLAND

One of the fairest jewels of the Emerald Isle is 19-year-old Siobhan Connolly from Galway. This 36-24-34 comely colleen has lived all her life in the Republic, though she is a frequent visitor to the United Kingdom, especially Liverpool and Manchester, to see some of her many relatives. 'Many of my family have emigrated,' she says sadly, 'but we still try and stay in touch as much as possible.' Siobhan has been luckier than many of her relatives, securing a job in a large plastics factory in Galway, opened there some years ago as part of an EEC Business Development Scheme.





'The only disadvantage of this modelling lark,' says Siobhan, 'is the constant flying in and out. I think that anybody who has landed at Galway will know what I mean. I'm sure it's perfectly safe, it's just that the runway sort of sneaks up on you. It's so small.' Siobhan's other interests include Irish Folk music, and she occasionally helps out with vocals in a friend's band. 'My favourite song is the *Green Fields of France*. I can really get into that one on stage,' she says.



Your Girl Next Door

JUNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

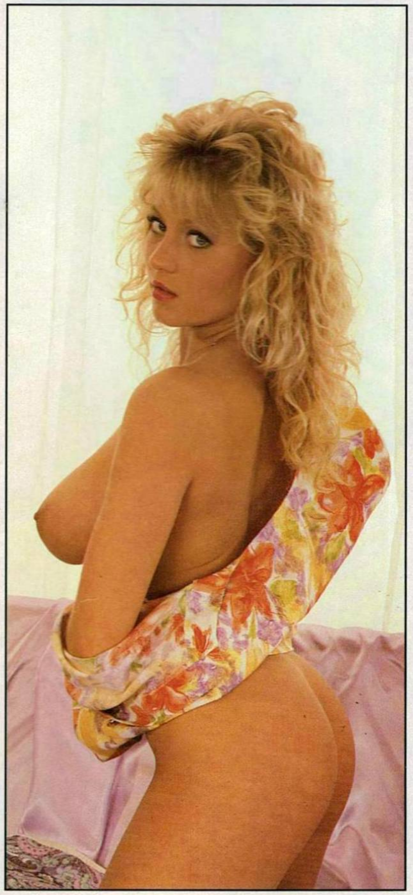
'I just had to write in and bring this lady to your attention for your girl-next-door series,' says reader Andrew Blake. The lady in question is 24-year-old June Richards who lives three doors down from Andrew on the Morecambe Road in Lancaster. 'June possesses a quality that makes men's heads turn. She hasn't got your classic model looks, but she does have poise and an elegant posture.' When Andrew asked June if she would like to pose for our pictures, she took it as a compliment. 'OK, I'm not Mandy Smith, but I'm proud of my body especially my boobs.'

'Whenever I've been on holiday with my friends I have always covered my breasts up on the beach,' giggles shapely 36-24-35 inch June. 'I suppose I've always been shy and inhibited about my looks. I know I'll never win a beauty contest as I'm not a naturally out-going person, but since I've done this shoot I feel a lot more confident about myself. Andrew's always said I hide my figure too much, and that I should show it off more, so now I've bought virtually a whole new wardrobe.' She works as a secretary in Lancaster, and spends her lunchtime in aerobics classes. 'If it wasn't for my exercises, I bet I'd look awful. As it is I feel great, and its all thanks to these pictures.'

CATHIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

'Take your eyes off my bum, you cheeky beggar,' laughs 21-year-old Cathie Warren. 'I know it's very unpopular, especially with the dungarees and cropped hair brigade, to say this but actually I do enjoy the attentions of men. Just as I think men like the attentions of women. Everyone is flattered by being looked at, and appreciated. It's the way of the world.' Cathie certainly should be used to being looked at — she works teaching sign language to deaf and dumb children in her native town of Bath.



'I've always been interested in body language, that is non-verbal forms of communication. It's something we all do unconsciously, and it's the basis of all poses in your magazine. In its own way, it's a very sensual art form,' says Cathie thoughtfully. There's no doubt it is true — there's pure communication in every contour and curve of Cathie's 36-24-34 body. When not working Cathie spends her time down the *Packhorse* in Frome. 'I usually go there on Friday nights, then on to *Mr B's* for some serious late-night jiving,' she says. 'Then the body talk really begins as I get down and strut my funky stuff.'

Quest: But he was interested in you?

Manageress: He made some remark about the wine, saying I obviously found it horrible from the look on my face. Actually I was just feeling a bit miserable, but the wine *was* pretty horrible. So I laughed. We went on from there. I don't think I made it very easy for him!

Quest: Why?

Manageress: I was very shy; attractive men make me nervous, anyway, especially ones I fancy. I'm terrified of blushing. But he was very easy to talk to, very relaxed. Then he asked me to dance, which made things much easier, because the music was too loud to talk properly. On the dance floor I remember my girlfriend looking surprised and grinning at me, as if to say, 'Well done!' Then some slow, smoochy music came on. I didn't know whether to stop, but Gordon pulled me close, and put my arms round his neck.

Quest: You liked that?

Manageress: Yes — I thought it was a bit forward. Then he said, 'That perfume is perfect; most pretty girls have no idea how to choose the right one.' No one I'd been out with had even mentioned my perfume, let alone complimented me on it! It seemed so thoughtful. I only really relaxed then.

Quest: He didn't make any advances?

Manageress: He just held me close, which was lovely. Then we talked for ages. And I decided I really liked him.

Quest: You mean physically?

Manageress: I wasn't desperate to go to bed with him. But I thought we might when I knew him better. I didn't expect it to happen that night!

Quest: When did you leave?

Manageress: My girlfriend said she was going. I didn't want to go home alone, so I said I'd go, too. Gordon offered to give us both a lift. We dropped my friend off first. She kept telling me not to do anything she wouldn't. That was embarrassing, and irritating. She obviously didn't know Gordon like I did. Or thought I did! When we came to his flat, and he asked me in for a coffee, I said yes, almost to show how wrong I thought my friend was. He had told me he had two flatmates. He didn't mention till later they were both away for the weekend! It was a really nice flat, very masculine. He sat me on the sofa, with a couple of side lamps on — fairly dim, but cosy — put on some Lionel Ritchie, who I really like, made the coffee, and sat beside me. Then I knew he was going to kiss me. He made me wait just long enough to wonder if he would, which I'm sure was deliberate. Then he leaned across me, put down his cup, and said, 'You really have got the most gorgeous face, Anita (name changed).' I started to say, 'Thank you', then I saw the look in his eyes. He leaned closer, and we were kissing.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Manageress: I thought it was incredible. He was very good at it. Afterwards we sat, cuddled, then kissed again. I really felt as if we'd known each other for ages. In fact, he actually said that.

Quest: You both stayed upright?

Manageress: As we kissed, he started leaning over, until I was virtually on top of him. He was joking about me taking advantage of him. Then he said it would be more comfortable if we were both on the same level. He moved over, and I slipped down beside him on the sofa. When we kissed then, he moved his hand up from my waist onto my boob.

Quest: Did you object?

Manageress: Not as we were kissing. Afterwards, when he didn't move his hand, I glanced down, and coughed. He said, 'Oh, sorry, but I do love holding you.' He took his hand away, but, when we had our next kiss, he moved it back again. I didn't really mind, as long as he didn't do anything else. But, as we went on kissing, he began undoing my blouse buttons. Then I did pull back. He asked what was wrong. I said I wasn't sure if he should go on doing that. He asked why. I laughed, because I was embarrassed. I said I didn't go around undoing my blouse in strange houses. He said, 'Oh but you should!' I laughed again. Then he said, 'Would it help if I turned the light out?' I said, 'No!' meaning he shouldn't go any further. But he assumed I wanted him to. Anyway, when we kissed this time, he had my blouse open. Then he tried to slip his hand round my back to get at my bra catch, but I squeezed myself against the sofa back. So he just slipped his fingers down my cleavage, and stroked me that way. I actually ended up in a complete mess, with both bra cups pushed off.

Quest: Did he touch your nipples?

Manageress: Up to then I'd only let one other boyfriend touch them, only quickly, because he'd been quite rough. But Gordon wasn't like that at all. Very soft, and gentle, sort of rolling the tips of his fingers round them — it felt absolutely incredible. I just started drifting away. Then I realised something was moving up the front of my thigh, right to the top, and I woke up, and clamped my legs together.

Quest: Gordon had his hand up your skirt?

Manageress: He moved it back. I didn't say anything. Then we kissed again, and he put his hand back, only this time he reached the edge of my pants. I clamped my thighs again, trapping him. He asked why I'd stopped him. I said we ought to know each other better before we went that far. He said, 'All I want to do is make you feel nice. Don't you trust me?' I laughed, and said, 'It's *me* I don't trust.' 'Then we're fine,' he said. We kissed. And, of course, I'd been stupid, because his fingers were still between my thighs, in fact, right up against me. So he just started moving them slowly against my privates. I couldn't keep up the pressure, especially when he began stroking my nipple with his other hand. As soon as my legs relaxed a fraction, his fingers slipped under my knicker gusset.

Quest: So now he was stroking your labia, too?

Manageress: I just felt the msot unbelievable sensations. I didn't realise till later his fingers were actually *inside* me — I was so wet — I think, if I had, I'd have screamed the place down!

> **As he got me more and more excited, I kept saying he ought to stop. But, thankfully, he didn't!**

Quest: No one had ever touched you there before?

Manageress: No. I'd used Tampax. I wasn't *blocked*, or anything, but it was an extraordinary feeling, being that intimate with someone.

Quest: Did you expect to have intercourse?

Manageress: I wasn't thinking that clearly! My heart was pumping, my blood was rushing. I knew I wasn't really in control. That was the most frightening, and exciting part. Then Gordon started fumbling with himself. I realised he was pulling down his trousers, which made me panic even more. I kept asking him what he was doing, which was pretty obvious. He kept saying, 'It's alright, it's alright — I just want to touch — I just want to be close to you —' Then this thick stiff, hot *thing* was butting between my legs. 'Just want to touch your lips —' he was gasping, 'Just want to put us together —' I think I went a bit crazy! I remember gabbling, 'Oh, please, no — we mustn't — not yet — please stop.'

Quest: Were you serious?

Manageress: I didn't think he *would* stop. It was just guilt, I suppose, and genuine fear; I knew it could sometimes hurt first time. But it didn't at all. Perhaps I was so wrought up I didn't notice. But, looking back, it was almost funny. Gordon suddenly leaned right into me, sort of scrunching up against his chest. He was moaning, 'Oh Anita, oh Anita — oh you feel so *sweet* —' Of course, I couldn't see anything; all I had was this enormous amount of feeling round my parts. So I blurted out, 'Have you done it? Are you in me?' He lifted his head, and looked down, obviously a bit put out. 'Can't you tell?' he said. Then I strained my head forward, and peered between us. It was quite dark, because we were out of the lamplight, but I could see these pale hairy thighs, pressed between mine, my skirt all rucked up, and my pubes peeping out the bottom of my knickers, where the gusset had just been pulled aside. Then, poking between us, was this solid, bizarre-looking, pink pole. I said, 'God, look at it!' Gordon grunted, and said, 'Big enough for you?' I said, 'It's enormous!' Mainly because I couldn't understand how it had squeezed inside me without me noticing. But it obviously pleased him. Then he said, 'You are on the pill?' I nearly said no, because I wasn't. Then I was afraid he might stop — which, looking back, was pretty unlikely. So I said, 'It's alright, it's a safe time — you can do it, if you want to.' And his face just changed. He gasped, leaned down again, and pushed right into me, which I did feel, then groaned, 'Anita! Anita!' His whole body gave these great shudders. I felt him jerk inside me, four or five times. I clutched at him, and tried to push down as he jerked. Finally he sighed, slumped on me, kissed my cheek, and said it had been fantastic.

Quest: Was it for you?

Manageress: Emotionally, yes. Physically, it

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name .... Withheld
Sex .... Female
Age .... 24 years
Town of Origin .... Peterborough
Other details .... This blonde interviewee is deputy manageress of a small employment agency. She shares a house with her younger sister.

What makes a woman surrender to a man? Is it simply a matter of good looks? Is tenderness and understanding more important? Or is sheer sexual energy all that really counts? Quest looks at seduction and gives some fascinating insights into feminine susceptibilities

Quest: Can you describe your ideal seducer?

Manageress: Someone passionate, tender, reasonably good-looking, very masculine — someone who knows what he wants, and how to get it.

Quest: You like a man to tell you what to do?

Manageress: Up to a point. I won't do anything I don't want to, but I do like to be pushed into bed, occasionally. Anyway, I think it's up to the man to make the first move.

Quest: Is that how you're normally seduced?

Manageress: I don't make a habit of it! But it did happen like that the first time.

Quest: How old were you then?

Manageress: Eighteen. My first 'grown up' party. That makes me sound a bit pathetic. I'd just started work, and I went with a girl from the office. She was 25; everyone at the party was around that age, or older. My friend promised she'd introduce me to her friends. But some fellow swept her away almost at once. I ended up in a corner on my own, sipping some wine. That's when Gordon started chatting me up. Actually my friend *had* pointed him out as someone she fancied. He was very good-looking — tall and slim, with thick, dark hair and a moustache.

Quest: Did you fancy him, too?

Manageress: I thought he was very attractive. I never expected to get off with him. There were lots of pretty girls around. Also he looked about 27 or 28. I'd never been out with anyone older than 21. I didn't think he'd be interested in me.

QUEST

was better next time, when we went out a week later.

Quest: How long did the relationship last?

Manageress: Three months. I think Gordon got bored, because I liked to be persuaded into bed each time we did it. I still felt guilty, I suppose. If he *made* me, it wasn't really my fault. I don't think like that any more.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Male
Age . . . . 26 years
Town of Origin . . . .
Keighley
Other details . . . . This interviewee joined a large insurance company after leaving school, and now works as a claims assessor. He co-owns his own house.

Quest: How, in your view, do women like to be seduced?

Assessor: If I knew that, I'd be out seducing someone, not talking to you! I've put hours of effort into some girls, and got nowhere. Others, I've done nothing, been tired, unwashed, horrible — and suddenly succeeded. But I think most women love the idea of being seduced, even if they've got no intention of going through with it. My ex-fiancée, for example, loved being 'wooed', as she called it, even after we'd been sleeping together for over two years.

Quest: What did that involve?

Assessor: Mainly me wrestling her clothes off on the sofa, or even in bed, while she insisted I 'shouldn't' or it wasn't 'right.' Then she'd decide she'd do one thing, and not another — like agreeing to take her bra off, but making me promise I'd only touch her boobs, not stroke them. Or perhaps I could hold her boob in my palm, but I mustn't touch the nipple, in case I got her too excited. That could actually be very sexy — in fact, downright filthy sometimes!

Quest: In what way?

Assessor: We'd be on the bed, in her flat, say — lights very low to spare her blushes, like a bedside lamp on the floor, next to the bed. I'd have got her down to just her knickers. I'd be stroking her breasts, which were gorgeous — 36C's on a narrow back; a beautiful *weight* on them, with nipples out to *here*. I'd begin kissing them. She'd say, 'No don't do that.' I'd ask why. She'd say, 'I just don't want you to.' So I'd move my hand down onto her knickers, stroke the bulge of her mound, feeling her pubic hair through the cotton. She'd let me do that, even open her legs slightly to make it easier for me — I could feel how wet she was through the cotton. But as soon as I tried to slip a finger under the edge of her knickers — instant leg clamp! 'No, don't do that.' So back I'd go to stroking her boobs, only this time I'd bend down, and very quickly, very lightly run the tip of my tongue over one nipple. She might gasp, but not do anything. So I'd do the same to the other nipple. Then I'd bring my head down, and start to kiss them, and suck them in turn.

Quest: She didn't actually mind you playing with her breasts?

Assessor: She loved me to — they were very sensitive. She once told me she could make herself come, just by touching them herself. She was very proud of her boobs.

Quest: Were you able to give her an orgasm by the same means?

Assessor: As a matter of fact, no! That's probably a comment on my technique, but, if she did get that excited, she was usually pretty keen for us to have intercourse properly.

Quest: Even when she was being 'wooed'?

Assessor: Sometimes. Other times she'd be happy for me to go on playing with her boobs. I'd get my leg between hers, and be sawing my thigh backwards and forwards against her pussy, which she generally liked — I certainly did! Often we'd end up with the gusset of her pants virtually a wet string over her crotch, barely covering anything. But she'd still push my hand away if I tried to pull the pants off. The usual thing was for me to reach down, and work my erection against her mound. Sometimes she'd accept that. Other times she'd ask what I was doing. I'd say I just wanted to leave it there. Then I'd try and work it under the gusset, or, better still, get it so the length was actually between her legs. Then any movement she made would tend to pull the tip back towards her pussy, and it would be easy to slip under the gusset and slide myself between her lips. She used to accuse me of being sneaky that way, having her 'on the sly' — though she obviously knew exactly what was going on from the start. Sometimes, though, any hint of it and she'd freeze up again. First she'd want me to take my erection away, but we'd get round that by some kissing and boob fondling, so it would stay. Then I'd get the tip under her gusset, actually touching her lips, and she'd tell me I could leave it there, but I had to be careful. Then more kissing and fondling, and I'd be inching my knob slowly higher and higher, between her lips. Then she'd say, 'You're in me'. I'd insist I wasn't, or hardly enough to count. She'd want me to move my erection further away from her pussy — I'd insist an inch inside wouldn't harm anyone. Finally she'd agree on an inch — but no more, and I musn't move it up and down. We'd kiss again, and, of course, I wouldn't be able to keep my cock still any more than she could keep herself still, so I'd be sinking slowly deeper and deeper into her. She'd be saying, 'You're not right inside, are you?' I'd be saying, 'No, no — it's OK, it's just the tip.'

Quest: Up to the point when you were, in fact, having full intercourse?

Assessor: Right up to the climatic moment, sometimes! We'd both start jerking our crotches together — almost involuntarily at first, then more and more as if we meant it, until I was actually swiving her pretty energetically. She'd be moaning and panting, hanging onto me, gasping, 'You won't let go, will you? Promise me you won't do it in me. You will pull out first,

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QUEST

won't you?' I'd be grunting, 'No problem — keep this up for hours — you're safe with me, love —' Then, of course, having the magnificent staying power that I have, I'd realise my moment was about to arrive, groan and tense and speed up. She'd feel it, get even more turned on, and gasp, 'Oh God, you lied! You're going to do it! You're going to come in me — oh don't! Please don't!' Meanwhile she'd be hanging onto me for dear life so I couldn't pull out, even if I wanted to! Then I'd swear, and groan, and start to come, while she'd clutch onto me as I let go into her. Then she'd be going on, 'Oh you swine, you promised — Oh God, you're doing it in me — I can feel you — you're filling me up — oh you swine —'

Quest: She liked the idea of being made to enjoy sex?

Assessor: Yes, which, for me, is fine, as long as we both enjoy it as a kind of sex game. But, if I wasn't in the right mood, or just feeling too trigger happy, it could be bloody frustrating. A couple of times I came all over her knickers, because she left it too late. Then her argument was that I should have made her do it sooner. To my mind, sex is something you do because both partners fancy each other, and want to do it. The idea of forcing myself on somebody else does nothing for me. I thought she had a kind of hang-up. If *I* was making her do all these disgusting things, then she could have a great time without feeling guilty about it. She half conceded that a couple of times, but she didn't change. It wasn't the only reason we broke up, but it helped.

Quest: Has your seduction technique changed as a result?

Assessor: At the moment I'm looking for someone to seduce me.

Quest: Thanks, and good luck.

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . . Female
Age . . . . 33 years
Town of Origin . . . .
Salisbury
Other details . . . . This attractive, well-built, brunette interviewee married at 22 and divorced six years later. She works as a marketing consultant and lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: How do you like to be seduced?

Consultant: Very conventionally, I'm afraid. It doesn't necessarily have to be an intimate dinner for two, but the sort of closeness and trust you create in that situation is vital — plus a hint of danger.

Quest: What sort of danger do you mean?

Consultant: A hint that your partner is going to do something incredible to you — something you've never even dreamed about before, which is really going to blow your mind. The way my boyfriend does it, in fact.

Quest: You like your boyfriend to seduce you?

Consultant: Oh yes! You mustn't give up seducing each other just because you've been living together for five years. In fact, I don't think you really enjoy being seduced unless it's by someone you know very well indeed. First times are awful — no matter how gorgeous the fellow. You're forever worrying if you've made it too easy for the man, or if he really likes you now you've got your clothes off. I might have a big bust, but I'm not exactly petite. Neil, my boyfriend, loves my boobs, but he doesn't mind my spare tyre or my stringy legs — or so he says!

Quest: Who initiates these seductions?

Consultant: It's probably about fifty-fifty between us, perhaps a bit more on Neil's side.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Consultant: Of me? I'm actually not very subtle. Neil's the one who dreams up the surprises.

Quest: Go on, anyway.

Consultant: We were in a local restaurant one Saturday a couple of months ago — just the two of us. Only a cheap Italian place, but they have candles on the tables. We were talking, not even about anything particularly sexy, and it was just the way Neil looked in the light. I felt my whole insides just melt. I felt unbelievably sexy. He could have just kicked the table aside that minute, and had me on the restaurant floor.

Quest: Presumably he didn't?

Consultant: Almost. I pulled off my shoe under the table, lifted my foot, and put my toes between his legs, just stroking his crotch as gently as I could. It was very dim, and the table clothes were quite long, so I'm sure no one could see. I remember smiling at him, as he went on talking complete gibberish, while I felt his penis get bigger and bigger under my toe. In the end he gasped, 'We're going home now?' went to get up, and plonked down immediately. We had to wait nearly ten minutes before he was limp enough to walk out the restaurant! But we were doing it two minutes after we got through the front door. I have to say, though, ten years ago I'd have died even thinking about doing something like that. Neil's had quite a liberating effect on me. My sex life used to be awful.

Quest: Even when you were married?

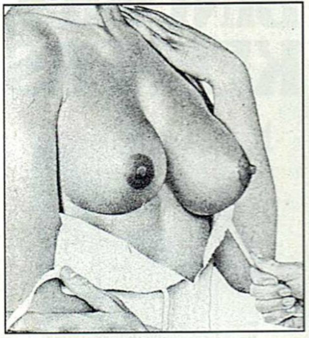
Consultant: Especially! I've always enjoyed sex, but I had an awful lot of hang-ups about it for a long time. Both my husband and I were fairly inexperienced. He was very good-looking, and he'd had a lot of girlfriends. But they'd all been slam-bang screws — five minute affairs, if they were lucky! I just assumed I was a naturally sexy person, who didn't happen to get much out of the act itself. If we'd talked more, things might have been different. But my ex always assumed I was getting at him if I did, so I stopped.

Quest: And you felt that way until you met Neil?

Consultant: There was one episode I still don't really believe I let happen. The only time I was unfaithful to my ex — God knows why; *he* had enough affairs. And I didn't actually go all the way.

Quest: What happened?

Consultant: It was at an office party, and I got drunk — the oldest excuse in the book. But I get drunk very very rarely. I was flirting with a colleague — actually a very good friend. Don was in his mid-forties, short, stocky, balding, married — really no one's romantic dream. But



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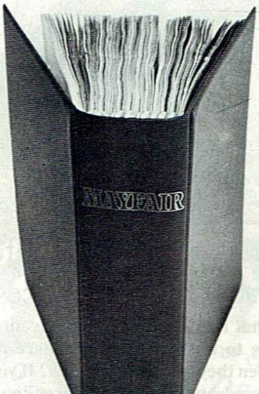

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we'd always got on very well; I was very fond of him. We were having drinks after a staff lunch, joking about sneaking off for some quiet nookie in his office. Then he said he did have something he'd wanted to give me earlier. Of course, everyone roared at that. But he was serious, so we went, telling everyone else to keep their dirty thoughts to themselves. I don't think either of us realised how drunk we were, until we couldn't find the light switch in Don's office — this was early evening around Jan or Feb. I only managed to knock the door shut, which made it even darker. Then we cannoned into each other. We were joking about this being the ideal situation to take advantage of each other. Don's face must have been level with mine — I was his height in my heels — and our lips just touched. I don't mean perfectly. I think he actually tried to peck my cheek. And, I'm sure to the surprise of both of us, we found ourselves kissing. And I enjoyed it!

Quest: Was that all?

> **Don put his head under my skirt. At first I thought it was a joke. Then I felt his hot breath on me**

Consultant: We were actually kissing quite seriously. Then I felt Don's hand brush my boob, almost by accident. I just went on kissing, so he brought it back, and started stroking me through my blouse — quite gently, as if he expected me to jump down his throat; it wasn't a grope. It was quite nice. When we came up for air, I asked him if he was enjoying himself. He said, very throatily, that he'd wanted to touch my boobs ever since we'd first met; he dreamed about them at night, which made me laugh. Then we kissed again, and this time he began fumbling with my blouse buttons.

Quest: You didn't object?

Consultant: I felt him undo two or three buttons, then he slipped his hand inside, and started to squeeze his fingers into my bra cup, which is when I made him stop. It wasn't that I didn't want him to — in fact, I told him so; it was just that we were both married, and we ought to stop before we did anything we'd regret.

Quest: Did you mean that?

Consultant: Oh yes. I owed my husband that much — even though we were barely talking then. Don said I was right, in a very depressed voice! But, of course, we went on kissing, and this time he slipped his finger onto one of my nipples, and started stroking it. It was stiff before he touched it, and having him play with it felt gorgeous. I could have happily gone on half the night like that. But I overbalanced a little, and bumped against the side of his desk. He moved with me. I felt what was obviously a pretty large erection pressing through his trousers. He groaned, and tensed, and held me a lot more tightly. He may have clutched at my skirt as well. I panicked a bit.

Quest: You thought he wanted to have intercourse with you?

Consultant: I thought he'd got the idea I was ready and willing. Drunk or not, I didn't have sex that casually, however turned on I felt. So I pushed him back, told him to quieten down, take a few deep breaths, which he did, thank God. But then he grabbed hold of me under my thighs. I shrieked, and he lifted me bodily onto the edge of the desk. I was quite alarmed. I thought he was going to have me, anyway — especially when he seemed to yank up the front of my skirt. I went to clamp my legs together, but I couldn't. His head was in the way! He'd dropped onto his knees — in fact, his head was under my skirt, I burst out laughing. It seemed such a stupid, schoolboyish thing to do. Then I realised it wasn't.

Quest: Why not?

Consultant: He started to breath against the front of my pants. It might not sound much, but his mouth was virtually touching my parts — there was only thin cotton and my tights covering me. The warmth, and the sensation of his breath, was extraordinary. No one had ever done anything like that to me before. I just gasped, 'What on earth are you doing? Stop it!' Then I realised what it was doing. It was like the most incredible caress — softer than anyone actually touching you there, but just as effective — and in the most unbelievably sensitive spot.

Quest: It turned you one?

Consultant: In a minute I was wriggling, and gasping — there seemed to be little shocks trickling through my clit. And they were getting bigger, and more frequent. I told Don, 'I think you should stop now — that's enough —' I think I'd have killed him if he had. It felt like my whole pussy was glowing, then on fire. And suddenly it happened. This enormous spasm — and another, and another. I was clutching at Don's head, pulling his head between my legs, almost suffocating the poor man against my pussy. Then it was over, and I burst into tears.

Quest: Had you not had an orgasm before?

Consultant: That was my first — at the grand old age of 25. I felt marvellous and awful, all at the same time, then guilty — not just because it hadn't happened with my husband, but because I thought I'd just used Don. So I jumped up, and clutched hold of him. We promptly banged our heads together in the dark! Then he jumped back. It turned out it all hadn't been so one-sided. He'd had an accident in his pants!

Quest: The incident wasn't repeated.

Consultant: No. If we hadn't been married, something might have happened. But it showed me what I should be feeling in my marriage. I wouldn't have appreciated Neil without Don — or at least it would have taken much longer.

Quest: Thank you.

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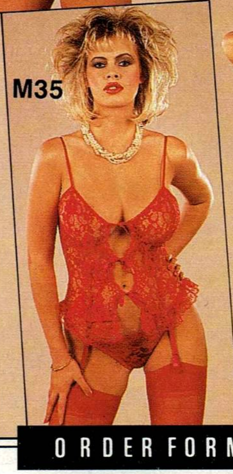

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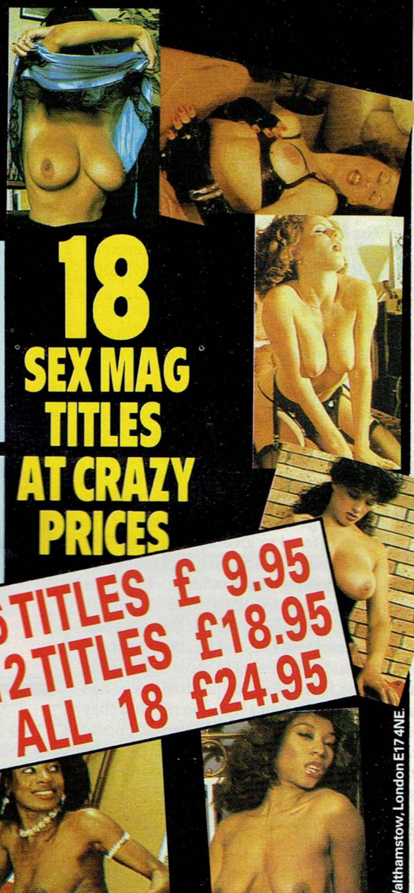

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